

"KIDDING" ANTIDOTE FOR WAR'S HORRORS

Soldiers Indulge in Chaffing to
Preserve Mental Balance on
Battlefields.

WITH THE FRENCH ARMY IN CHAMPAGNE Nov. 2 (by mail).—"How can they stand it? I should think the soldiers living with death and the dead about them all the time would go insane." One frequently hears that. The answer is easy. The men very quickly get used to it all. Take this example:

As our party returned to the motorcade at sundown, after walking over the Champagne battlefield, two carts pushed quickly west us. On a canvas stretcher beneath the horse-shoe axle of each lay a soldier, fully clothed.

"Wounded?" some one asked.
"Yes," said an officer and changed the subject. But the soldiers pushing the carts were strangely careless with the wounded men. They walked rapidly and took no pains to keep the wheels out of smaller shell holes. The forms rocked and pitched and swayed. The odd attitude of one of them fascinated me: he was on his back, his arms crossed before, but not touching his face nor touching each other. With every lurch of the cart his arms wave about rigidly and stuck just where they were.

A second man accompanied each vehicle and these two were "kidding" each other. The first threw a cloud at the second and the second replied by flinging his metal helmet at the first. There was a burst of laughter, and as the carts stopped to permit the pushers to mop their perspiring brows, the two youngsters—they were about twenty—began to chase each other round and round the stretchers.

Meantime we drew up to the little procession. The soldier still lay with his arms crossed as though warding off a blow. The soldiers on the stretchers of course, were dead. Killed the night before in the front trenches and now under cover of the twilight haze, a mixture of purple vapors and cannon smoke, their four fellows were taking the bodies to one of the new Champagne cemeteries at the rear. Lifting the torn cap from the face of the soldier with the crossed arms, some one asked him in a hushed voice:

"How did it happen?"

"Stray bullet," the cart-pusher responded laconically. "When? It's pretty warm today."

The stiff-armed soldier's death had been instantaneous. He stiffened as he had fallen, his arms before his face. He had been a very young man. A small mustache, a clean light, was on his upper lip. The soldier, who had been under our way, leaving the living and dead to go their ways.

Now don't misunderstand. These four men escorting their dead comrades to the graveyard were not unfeeling nor ruthless in the ordinary sense. Taken from refined homes, probably, where the sight of pain hurt them deeply; and from an environment where the presence of the dead was depressing and awesome, they were suddenly plunged into war and slaughter and agony and death until their senses were deadened. Their power of appreciation had been nullified. Dead men no longer awed them, blood no longer shocked them.

Nature, which makes men fight and mutilate and kill each other, had furnished its own antidote, otherwise these men, instead of "kidding" each other would have been gibbering idiots.

One man—his wife and little girl live in Paris—after serving through the battle of Champagne, had to be sent to a special hospital. He was not wounded. His nerves had been shattered, his mental balance upset. His brain had not been able to resist itself. Nature had let him go on weighing and appreciating all the horror about him.

The other condition is the only possible safeguard against insanity. It is the War God's own anesthetic.

Lecturer to Describe
Sao Paulo's Snakes

Albert Douglas will lecture at the Home Club tonight on "Snakes and Coffee in Sao Paulo." Brazil. He will describe and show in pictures the intricate where venomous snakes are kept for their venom. The series includes pictures of a combat between two snakes, ending by the "harmless" one swallowing his antagonist.

Crop Experts Meet.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—Delegates from thirty-eight States attended the second day of the national marketing and farm credits conference here. Crop and market experts from every section of the country talked their ideas. Conference Secretary Holman, just back from Ireland, advocated the adoption of the Irish co-operative marketing and credit system.

A Healthy Baby

Everyone wants a baby to be healthy. It is baby's right. To insure a strong, vigorous baby, the hopeful mother must be free from worry, care and strain. The complete joy of expectation should not be marred by unpleasant feelings. Mother's Friend is recommended by thousands of women because this external remedy relieves the pressure reacting on the nerves and the unnatural strain upon the cords and ligaments, said to cause nausea, morning sickness and many local distresses. It is absolutely safe and dependable and has been in use for generations. First class drug stores can supply it.—Adv.

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PROGRESS IS RAPID ON A. F. OF L. BUILDING

Work is progressing rapidly on the foundation of the American Federation of Labor office building at the northwest corner of Ninth street and Massachusetts avenue northwest, where ground was broken by Secretary of Labor Wilson and President Samuel Gompers, of the A. F. of L., a month ago tomorrow.

The structure will be five stories high and was designed by Milburn, Heister & Co., architects. It is being put up by the R. P. Whitney Company at a cost of \$90,000, the contract calling for its completion not later than April 7, 1916.

The outside walls of the first floor will be of granite and Bedford limestone, with the upper walls of tapestry brick. The cornice and window decorations will be of terra cotta. The main entrance will be on Massachusetts avenue and will be flanked on each side by a fluted column with a Corinthian capital and Doric base.

Early next year the cornerstone will be laid. It is to be contributed by Henry Gompers, a member of the Granite Cutters' International Union, who was the first boy the A. F. of L. ever had.

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a teaspoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve, and drink a teaspoonful at any time. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking a cold at once. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore harmless.—Adv.

Special Offer For the Xmas Season

This "Meteor" Grafonola and six selections of your own choosing,

\$16.95

The Meteor Grafonola has been always sold for \$17.50. But the Columbia folks have reduced the price, and now we offer you this wonderful machine, with your choice of six selections from our big stock of records for \$16.95.

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STRAIVING REFUGEES EATING HORSE FLESH

Horrors of Albanian Trail Are Increased by Biting Blizzard of Two Days.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD.

SALONIKI, Nov. 27 (delayed).—Vulture-like, starving refugees are stripping the flesh from the bodies of horses that have perished along the road in their mad flight before the Bulgarian armies.

The horrors of the Albanian trail are growing. Women and children, struggling along the whole route from Prizrend to Monastir without food, are now facing a biting blizzard that has been sweeping the whole region for two days and nights.

When the snow curtain lifts, the corpses of hundreds of humans who gave up the struggle almost certainly will be found.

Each new contingent of refugees arriving here brings fresh stories of the

awful tragedies of the Prizrend-Monastir highway over which a stream of Albanians, Serbians, and 50,000 Austrian prisoners are making their way. Men who have gone without food for many hours are staggering along the rough road. Women with little children are making their way through the snow, camping at night beside pitiful little fires of mountain shrub.

Monastir is the goal of the caravan of refugees, who hope to obtain food and rest there. They do not know that Monastir must fall within a few days, leaving them cut off and forced to choose between the winter blizzards of the Albanian mountains and the Bulgarian bands.

Glandsborough Pindary, his wife, Lady Rhyl Pindary, and a party of sixteen English nurses and eight doctors, arrived here today. They had walked for seven days through snow and mud along the Albanian mountain trail. They had been without food except for a little bread commandeered by the authorities.

They told stories of the terrible ravages of hunger among the straggling refugees. On their last day on the trail the Pindarys passed the bodies of three men, their faces pinched into horrible death masks by starvation.

Fifteen of their twenty pack mules died of starvation on the road.

"The world must prepare to shudder," said one of the party, "when what is happening along the Albanian refugee trail comes to light."

The Serbian army is retreating toward Elbasan as the Bulgarians press closer to the refugee line. Twenty British motor cars, laden with flour, are now

Royalty Attends Asquith Wedding

Brilliant Company Sees Marriage of Premier's Daughter to Father's Secretary.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—Premier Asquith's daughter Violet and his secretary, Benjamin Carter, were married at St. Margaret's Westminster, this afternoon.

The wedding was attended by most of the members of the diplomatic corps, representatives of royalty, and many society people. Except for the brilliancy of the gathering, the affair was a quiet one.

The bride wore an ivory satin gown of medieval pattern. The bridesmaid, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, the bride's half-sister, and Miss Kathleen Tennant, her niece, wore Russian costumes of apricot chiffon, full skirted and fur-trimmed, with velvet coats and droschky driver hats.

Lighting their way toward Dibra, hoping to be in time to alleviate the sufferings of the starving.

They carry supplies only a short distance, however. Pack mules must finish the tedious journey.

It was reported here today that the families of the French, British and Russian ministers to Serbia are somewhere on the trail, struggling to reach Monastir. Efforts are being made to reach them.

PAIN GONE! RUB SORE, RHEUMATIC ACHING JOINTS

Rub pain away with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacob's Oil."

Stop "dosing" rheumatism.

It's pain only, not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacob's Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress.

"St. Jacob's Oil" is a harmless rheumatism doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache and neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacob's Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pain, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.—Adv.

Columbia Record Headliners

for December

BERT WILLIAMS WEBER & FIELDS FRANK TINNEY

"Never Mo!" and "Purpostus" Trust Scene and Restaurant Scene Frank Tinney's 1st Record and Frank Tinney's 2d Record

One continuous bowl, from the first two words Bert Williams says. His sad, and drawl and the pathetic music only help to render hearers helpless—the usual effect of Williams "song-talks" on the unfortunate audience.

A1853—10 inch, 75 cents

"Weber and Fields"—"nough said! If any one does not know yet what they can do to a grouch—let him hear this record, that's all! Two scenes that will jog your funny-bone at the rate of sixty laughs a minute.

A1855—10 inch, 75 cents

Frank Tinney's 1st Record and Frank Tinney's 2d Record

Packed jam-full of laughs—killingly funny—a record that will be recognized with glee by those who heard Frank Tinney from a two-dollar seat that was worth it. His "Second Record" on the reverse is guaranteed to match the first.

A1854—10 inch, 75 cents

Popular Hits of the Month

A 1848 BACK HOME IN TENNESSEE. Coffin and Harlan, baritone and tenor duet. 10-inch 65c.

A 1849 I'M ALL ALONE. Ethel Cottle and Henry Burr, soprano and tenor. Orch. acc. 10-inch 65c.

A 1848 BALLYMOONEY AND BIDDY MAGEE. James F. Hartigan, baritone. 10-inch 65c.

A 1849 MY OWN HOME TOWN IN IRELAND. Will Robbles, tenor. Orch. acc. 10-inch 65c.

A 1850 LISTEN TO THAT DIXIE BAND. Coffin and Harlan, baritone and tenor duet. 10-inch 65c.

A 1851 ON THE GOOD SHIP WHIP-POOR-WELL. Callahan and Harlan Duet. Orch. acc. 10-inch 65c.

A 1847 BOUNCE ME JOHN, I'VE RUBBER HEELS ON. Peerless Quartette. Orch. acc. 10-inch 65c.

A 1848 SEATRICE FAIRFAX TELL ME WHAT TO DO. Dan W. Quinn, tenor. Orch. acc. 10-inch 65c.

A 1849 IN THE GLORY OF THE MOONLIGHT. Henry Burr with Columbia Mixed Quartette. 10-inch 65c.

A 1850 IF IT TAKES A THOUSAND YEARS. James Reed and J. F. Harrison, tenor and baritone duet. 10-inch 65c.

A 1851 LOVE HERE IS MY HEART. Reed Miller, tenor. Orch. acc. 10-inch 65c.

A 1852 WHAT AN IRISHMAN MEANS BY "MACHREE." Henry McCheskey, tenor. Orch. acc. 10-inch 65c.

New Dance Records

A 5729 BACK HOME IN TENNESSEE. One Step. Price's Band. 12-inch \$1.00.

A 5730 THE GIRL WHO SMILES. Waltz. Price's Orchestra. 12-inch \$1.00.

A 5727 IT'S SO TEMPTING. One Step. Price's Band. 12-inch \$1.00.

A 5728 QUE VOULEZ VOUS ENCORE. One Step. Price's Band. 12-inch \$1.00.

A 5726 THE GLOBE TROT. Price's Band. 12-inch \$1.00.

A 5725 REMICK MEDLEY FOX TROT. Fox Trot. Price's Band. 12-inch \$1.00.

Marimba, Guitar & Accordion Selections

A 1845 BLUE DANUBE WALTZ. Royal Marimba Band. 10-inch 65c.

A 1846 THE THREE JEWELS. Two Step. Royal Marimba Band. 10-inch 65c.

A 1847 DOWN IN BOM-BOMBAY. Accordion Solo. Guido Dairo. 10-inch 65c.

A 1848 PUT ME TO SLEEP WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED MELODY. Accordion Solo. Guido Dairo. 10-inch 65c.

A 1849 KATIE WALTZ. Pella K. Lee and David K. Kall, Hawaiian Guitar Duo. 10-inch 75c.

A 1850 HONOLULU RAG. Pella K. Lee and David K. Kall, Hawaiian Guitar Duo. 10-inch 75c.

Family Melodies

A 5733 LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG. Cornelia Rader-Kelley, soprano. 10-inch \$1.50.

A 5734 YE BANKS AND BRAYS OF BONNIE DOON. Cornelia Rader-Kelley, soprano. 10-inch \$1.50.

A 1857 MACUSHLA. Hardy Williamson, tenor. Orchestra acc. 10-inch 75c.

A 5734 MOTHER MACHREE. Hardy Williamson, tenor. Orch. acc. 10-inch 75c.

A 5735 HERODIADE. Oscar Seagle, baritone with orchestra. 10-inch \$1.50.

A 5736 DAMNATION OF FAUST. Oscar Seagle, baritone with orch. 10-inch \$1.50.

A 5737 RINALDO. Julia Clausen, contralto. 10-inch \$1.50.

A 5738 SHADOWS. Julia Clausen, contralto. 10-inch \$1.50.

But this is only an indication, a temptation, a foretaste of the life, the fun, the sentiment, the classic beauty offered in the new December supplement of Columbia Records. In addition to those records already mentioned you will find Orchestral Descriptions for the children; Christmas music for kiddies and grown-ups alike; Orchestral classics that should be in every record library; Tyrolean and German songs of the old country; Operatic selections delightfully rendered; and several trio numbers. Take some of these records home with you. They will be worked over-time throughout the holidays and many more days to come. On sale by all Columbia Dealers.

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